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FATHER TIERNEY'S POEMS

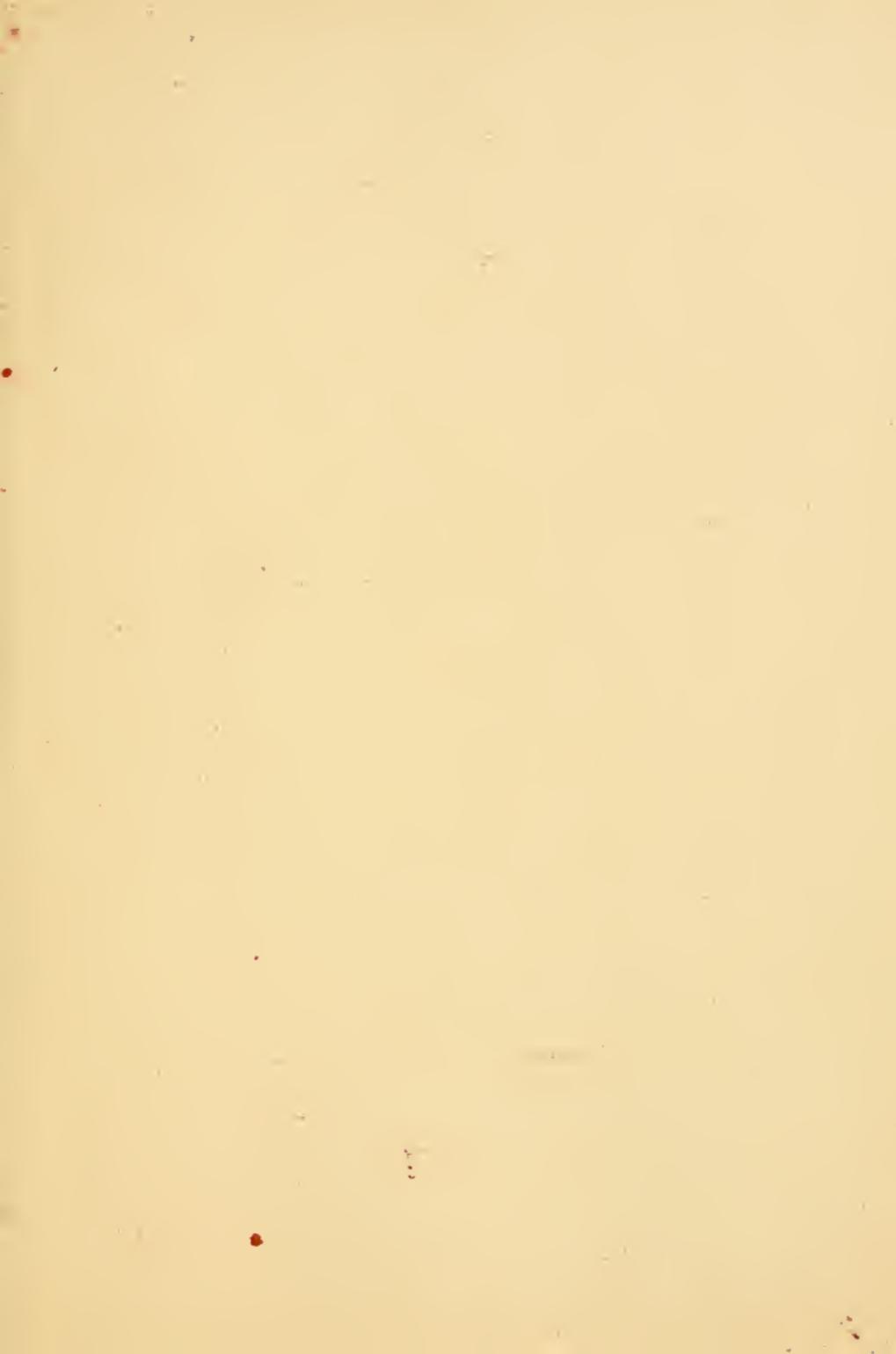


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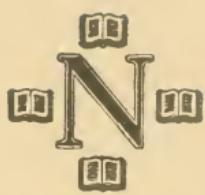
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FATHER TIERNEY'S POEMS







Henry B. Ticey

Frontispiece

FATHER TIERNEY'S POEMS

The Published and Hitherto Unpublished Poems

Of
THE REV. HENRY B. TIERNEY



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AMOR PATRIÆ

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Unfurl the flag of freedom! Lo!—behold
The ensign of a people young and bold!

Repeat our banner's story;
Salute the flag of glory
That reveals the stars of freedom in each fold!

REFRAIN

The Stars and Stripes shall never kiss the dust,
The sword of Justice never sleep in rust,

Oh, our hearts are loyal, true
To our old red, white, and blue!
Love for God and home and country is our trust.

Every true heart of the nation deep must feel
The thrilling, patriotic vim and zeal
That has shaped our glorious fate,
Making each new grateful state
In Old Glory's azure field a living seal!

God has made our land a nation rich and great;
He inspired our fathers with a nation's fate;
Their principles were few.
Immortal, simple, true,—
Eternal,—are His laws for man and state.'

Americans we are,—and brave at heart,—
And every man of us will do his part.

Let our Declaration stand.
Soul aflame and flag in hand,
We will serve in peace and war with willing heart.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

The song of the Gael

To an ancient Irish air

Sing the old, old song,—the glorious song,—
The lay of the ancient Gael,
Whose deeds are themes for angels' dreams.
Oh, hail to the ancient Gael!

The sad complaints of the Isle of Saints
Oft made the nations weep.
Hark! The voice of song, now loud and long,
Awakens the dead from sleep.

'Tis a sad, sad song, but a glorious song;
'Tis a hymn of faith and trust;
'Tis a living song, and it won't be long
Till the Gael shall rise from the dust!

Green Isle of the West, tho' long oppressed,
Behold the dawn at last!
The night is o'er; rule thou once more!
Come forth in the strength of the Past!

Forget thy wail. Rejoice, O Gael,
As a giant to run his course!
The Lord on high, who is ever nigh,
Hath clothed thee with new force.

The old, old song,—the glorious song,—
The cry of the ancient Gael!
'Tis the promised land, where we take our stand,—
The world salutes thee: Hail!

Fair Kathleen, of Erin queen,
O Virgin meek but strong,
Hear each holy trill with rapture thrill—
Hark! Hear the ancient song!

'Tis the song of the Gael, the patient Gael,
Come forth with the flag unfurled;
The echoes roll from pole to pole.
'Tis a song to move the world!

Our flag so fair, raise it in air;
Burst forth with the old refrain!
The Cross of old and the Harp of Gold
Shall fire thy soul again.

The martyred dead their blood have shed,—
In glory gone before;
Thy sacred halls, cathedral walls,
Shall rise from the green once more!

The Priest, the Peer, the Sage, the Seer,
Crusader, Bard, and Sage,—
Behold; they rise,—like stars in the skies,—
To light a darksome age.

The piercing wail of the mourning Gael
Awakes the world at last;
A chain of years her blood and tears
Were shed for the glorious past.

The harp shall ring, the Gaels shall sing
To glorify the Three
Who gave them power to bide the hour
Of final victory.

Sing the old, old song,—the glorious song,—
The lay of the ancient Gael,
Whose deeds are themes for angels' dreams.
Oh, hail to the ancient Gael!

TO WASHINGTON

AN ODE

On his natal day, February 22

I join the hundred million souls to-day
To laud the Flag and honor Washington.
Deep gratitude inspires your people's hearts ;
The mantle of their blessings covers you ;
Their praises sparkle in their tears of joy,
Which long will keep your memory fresh and green ;
Each child smiles o'er the offering he bears.
God bless you, Washington, forevermore !

Each human heart has some wish unfulfilled ;
With rosy hope each loyal heart is thrilled ;
Our earnest prayer, dear father, now for you
Is that your fondest hopes come quickly true
May not too many wingèd years depart,
Until the longing of your soul apart
Be blessed with that fulfillment, justly meet,
Which makes our country's burden doubly sweet.

May God, in whom we trust, still guide us on
As worthy sons of brave George Washington.

COLUMBIA WEEPS O'ER THE TERRORS OF WAR

Columbia stands 'mid her fair smiling fields,
And weeps o'er the terrors of war,
As she views the vast lands that have wasted their
yields
In smoke and in dark clouds of war.

Far, far away, now she hears the dim roar
Of the wicked machinery of men,
Hark! like a dream between each interval
The low moan of pain sounds again.

O God, speed the time when the deep gloom of war
Shall have passed like grim clouds 'fore the sun,
When it no more shall darken fair Freedom's bright
day,—
When the dawn of true peace is begun.

O Columbia, summon your dutiful sons,
And write this short prayer in their hearts:
“O God, grant us Freedom and Justice for guns,
And do Thou reign King of our hearts.”

O ERIN, GREEN ERIN

A lyric of the ancient Gael

O Erin, Green Erin, fair Isle of the Sea,
 Lov'd home of contentment and rest,
Where the voice is as sweet as divine melody
 And the dove is serene in her nest;
Where the flowers bloom early and thrive all the year,
 And spread their sweet scent on the fen—
O Erin, thy charms and thy joys I revere—
 How I long to be with thee again!

O Erin, Green Erin, sweet Isle of the Sea,
 'Tis there on thy shores, dear, I'm longing to be.
Home of rest, Island blest,
 In my dreams Nature seems
To love only thee, O Erin, machree,—
 To love only thee,
God's home in the evening,
 Green Isle of the Sea!

No fairer land thrives, a glad tribute to God,
 Than Erin, where nature, twice blest,
Sweet smiles as her wealth she displays on the sod,—
 The world's Tirnanoge in the West,—

Where the berries hang thick in the long shady lanes,
And the spring bubbles fresh in the vales,
And the hawthorne bursts forth in the hedges and
plains,—
Delicious the breath it exhales!

The rill winds its musical way from the spring
As it murmurs a song to the breeze,

Keeping time for the fairies who dance in the ring
To the music of elf melodies.

O Erin, fair Island of peace and lov'd rest,
How dearer and fonder to me

Are the visions and dreams of thy haunts,—truly
blest,—

Than the glare of the World's mockery.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR

A prophecy

The burden and vision of desolation,
Which I saw in the troubled East;
On the dark mountain above the waters
Lift ye up a banner of blood and fire,—
A cloud of smoke by day, a flaming fire by night!
Exalt the voice, lift up the hand!
For Hell hath groaned in her travail.
And the fruit of her womb is war.

Lo! She hath cast a firebrand among the nations,
And confusion exalteth her cry:
Your strength shall be as ashes of tow,
And your works as a glowing spark.
Both shall burn together.
And who shall quench its floods
But Death and Sorrow and Woe?
The strong ones have met in their wrath
And plowed the face of the deep;
The nations have gathered together,
Like vultures awaiting their prey.
From the vineyard the green hedge is fallen,

And the wall round about broken down.

Beware of the voice of the Stranger ;
Forget not the prophecy old ;

Remember in Friendship is danger,
Kiss thy friend,—but remember thy gold.

The nations awake to do battle,—

The monsters of war are afloat ;
And the giant goes forth in his glory,
And the pigmy is girded with strength !
Now the name of the dwarf is Goliath
And David shall vanquish the foe.

The Orient marshals her army,

But the fall of her pride shall be great
As Lucifer fell from the heavens

And groans in the furnace of Hell.
Shall the Pagan master the Christian ?

Shall Rome awake from the dust ?
Shall the idol rule in the Temple ?

Shall Truth give her mantle to Bel ?
Nay ; Satan is doomed to destruction
Before the Sign of the Cross.

The beast is devoured by her offspring,
And Sin is consumed by her lust.

Behold the sad desolation
Which stalks through the ruins of war.

And more than one Nation is wounded,
And many a soul is in Hell.

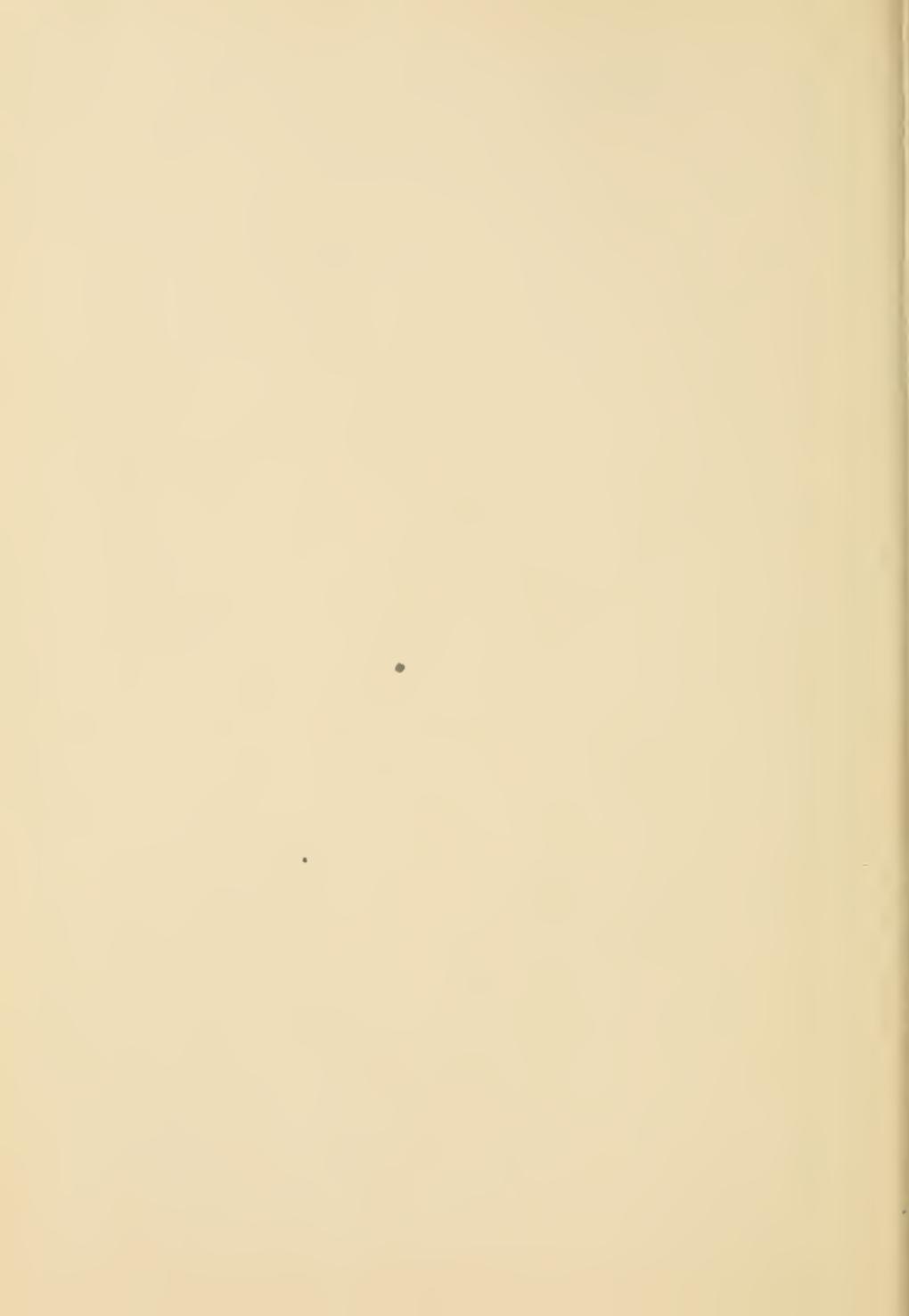
Go, speak to the wise witch of Endor,—
Go forth to the mountain with Saul
And call on the spirit of Samuel,
Ye nations who glory in war!

All the world hath hated the giant;
But the heart of the world shall change
For Justice hath branded the struggle,
And peace shall arise from the tomb!

Behold! When the struggle is over,—
When the cross hath conquered the foe,—
The world will be saved from the monster
That swallowed luxurious Rome.
And e'er the red conflict be ended
The fairest of mankind shall fall;
And the nations shall bleed and be ravished;
For such are the horrors of war.
A league with grim Death they have entered,
They have made a black compact with Hell;
And what is the fruit of the war—lust?
Death, desolation and woe!
But harken, O Nations of Europe,
To a message from over the sea:
The heart of Liberty greets you,—
Accept the hand of the free!

For Liberty is more than Peace,
It is the thought of God.

Behold the light of the Future
That arises above the past!
The night of Death is over;
And peace has come at last.
The dream of Our Land is dawning
Above the clashing din,—
The harbinger of Glory,
The death of Greed and Sin.
They shall turn their swords to plowshares,
Their ships into crafts of peace,
Their spears shall be changed to sickles,—
And the Spirit of War shall cease.



LAYS OF LIFE

MOTHER O' MINE

A song of the Gael

There's joy in the heart of me,
Mother o' mine ;
'Tis the real Irish part of me,
Mother o' mine.

Aglow with sweet dreams of thee,—
Childhood's bright memory,—
Thou art the life of me,
Mother o' mine.

Love for thee sings in me,
Mother o' mine ;
Prayers of thee strengthen me,
Mother o' mine.

None takes the place of thee ;
Dreams of the face of thee
Waken' God's grace in me,
Mother o' mine.

Sure, I'm the child of thee,
Mother o' mine ;
God has been mild with me,
Mother o' mine.

Bird's sweetest melody
Chimes with the knell o' the
Years while I tell o' thee,
Mother o' mine.

God save thee,—soul of me,—
Mother o' mine,
Blood of the whole of me,
Mother o' mine.

God's mirrored trinity,—
Faith, Hope, and Charity,—
Pulse of the heart of thee,
Mother o' mine.

Love for thee blesses me,
Mother o' mine.
The smile and the tear of thee,
Mother o' mine,
Bring me so near to thee,
Binding thee, dear, to me —
Closer each year, machree,—
Mother o' mine.

Hail, Mary's purity!—
Mother o' mine.
Throne of the Deity,
Mother o' mine;—

Through whose maternity
Christ for eternity
Reigns in the heart of thee,
Mother o' mine.

DREAMS OF YOUTH

Oh, carry me to the forest shade,
Dear Mem'ry bright and fair,
Whose shady bowers I'd oft invade
To dream with Nature there!
Sweet favorite haunts, which summer days
Would tinge with golden light;
Where wild birds trilled their mellow lays,
And rested in their flight.

A black-eyed, curly-headed boy,
Would seek the fragrant nook,
To feast his soul with nectared joy
And dream beside the brook.
O giant oak, my grand old friend,
How oft you sheltered me!
Thy branches green would o'er me bend,—
A regal canopy.

I'd lay me near the violet bed,
And watch the pure red rose,
Which, blushing deeply, raised its head,—
The fairest flower that blows.

The verdant carpet at my feet
Revealed the daisies there;
The lily of the valley sweet
Seemed always fresh and fair.

The wild canary'd sing all day,
The squirrel gay with glee
Within the woodland shade would play,—
Then swing from tree to tree.
I'd lay me down in peace to sleep.
Soon Nature bade me dream;
And Angels from the trees would peep
At fairies in the stream.

The happy birds would round me sing,—
The robin and the jay;
The butterfly on rainbow wing
Would glide her flowery way.
The woodland was a paradise,
Fair Nature's self was queen,
Naught else was heard save echo's voice
And Nature's lay serene.

O days of youth! Forever blest
Those golden hours do seem,—
So full of joy, content and rest,—
A blissful fairy dream.

Those happy days I'll ne'er forget,
They soothe my aching heart.
Had I but one old violet,
Youth's Dream would ne'er depart.

LIFE

To what, O Love, can I compare
 This passing life of ours?
'Tis like a boat, full seeming fair,
 Which floats a few short hours:

At daybreak soft it glides away,
 Seduced by gallant wind,
To disappear at close of day,—
 And leave no trace behind.

LAMENT OF OLD AGE

From the Greek

All the fair charms of youth have been swift borne
away,

And now I am feeble and old ;
The dark clouds of sorrow increase every day ;
And the world seems so gloomy and cold.

I have wandered with pain thro' this deep vale of
tears ;

And sorrow has been my abode ;
With woe overladen have been all my years,
As I traveled life's steep, thorny road.

Dread Age with his withering finger doth trace
His prophecies dire of the tomb
On the dry parchment skin of my wan, pallid face ;
And Time doth my mind slow consume.

For who hath respect for the locks of old age ?
Who thinks of the evening of life ?
The whole world's a battle in which all engage,
And forget aught but gold in the strife !

Lone and dismal indeed is life's road evermore;
But more rough and gloomy by far
Is the pathway descending that leads to that shore
Where the shades of most dead mortals are.

And when man once enters that Kingdom of Gloom,—
The regions that Pluto rules o'er,—
Tho' his body decay in the cold, clammy tomb,
His shade sees the world nevermore!

TOIL AND SERVICE

A Fable of the Turk

Two brothers lived in homes afar,—one rich, the other poor.

The rich man served the Sultan, from poverty secure.
The poor man eked his daily bread by labor and by
toil,

And he was honest in his heart and braved the world's
turmoil.

The rich man once his brother asked: “Why not seek
the employ

Of him,—his Majesty, the King,—who is the people's
joy?

Then, brother,—see!—you would be free from labor's
vile disgrace.”

Then said the other, touched to hear such insult to his
face,

“And why don't you, a panderer, reject smooth ways
of oil,

And seek true peace and solace in the honesty of toil?
Dependency on smiles of state,—is this not true dis-
grace?

With joy, I eat the bread of toil,—and scorn your
courtly place.”

A PRIEST'S MOTHER

Her Prayer

Her lips once dropped a prayer for me,
Like roses from an angel's breast ;
It blossomed in my grateful heart.
How oft I have that flower caressed !

Its beauty bids me wait in peace,
E'en though I hear her angel sigh ;
Its fragrance whispers of her love,—
Like incense, wafts my soul on high.

Through lips of hers I am redeemed,
Recalled from binding sin's disgrace.
That prayer she lisped for me, a child,
God made the channel of His grace.

Lord, grant that when Life's day is o'er,
And sorrow blossoms into bliss,
I'll meet her at Thy heavenly door,
And greet her with an angel kiss.

A SONG OF HOME

Sweet shrine of all that I hold dear,—
 Lov'd sanctum where contentment dwells,—
I love the solemn, sacred light
 That folds thee in a thousand charms.
And tho' I dwell afar from thee,
 And sojourn in the old Southland,
Where flowers of wealth and beauty thrive,—
 E'en tho' each day I bless my God
In stranger land, and humbly pray,—
 Sweet Home, I ne'er forget thy charms:
Love clasps thee closer day by day.

THE LAMENT OF AGE

A song of the ancient Gael

Sad and long is the trembling song
I chant at my sire's shrine.
Bent low with grief is this aged chief,—
The last of his noble line.

I'm weeping still on the silent hill;
With red and tearful eyes,
I mourn for the dead,—those lov'd ones fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

True love impels the sigh that swells
Like a wave on a lonely shore;
I murmur faint each sad complaint
For those I behold no more.

My sad soul wails like the surging gales
That sweep o'er the lonely wood;
And ghastly forms in the raging storms
Wild moan where my fathers stood.

My sad complaints are for the saints,—
My sires,—who have passed away;
My voice I raise in sorrow's praise
To sing a mournful lay,

Thou art still gay, O Youth; to-day
Art fair, and strong, and bold;
But the church-bell shall toll thy knell
Some day when thou art old.

Thou, too, O son, must fall anon;
On thy tomb thy son shall weep;
Thy haunts shall be no more to thee
But the place of thy last, long sleep.

Life's waning day, farewell for aye!
I'm walking the Bridge of Sighs.
E'en now I see them calling me,
O Death, anoint those eyes!

Old age but guides the last slow strides
Of a journey quickly run;
The way that lies 'twixt earth and skies,—
But done when well begun.

Thou art still gay, O Youth, to-day,—
And brave, and strong, and bold,
But the old church-bell shall toll thy knell
Some day when thou art old.

COMMENCEMENT

Each human heart has some wish unfulfilled,
With rosy hope each youthful soul is thrilled ;
My earnest prayer, dear graduate, for you
Is that your dearest hopes come fondly true ;
May not your usefulness in life depart
Until the noble longings of your heart
Be blessed with that abundance,—justly meet,—
Which makes Life's heavy burden doubly sweet.

AN EPITAPH

O Melody, tell o' the knell o' the
Dying, sighing, melancholy years!

Marguerite,—

Mother sweet,—

At your feet

Weeping,

Lo! I kneel

To reveal

Love never sleeping.

Our prayers are as sweet and as fleet

As the carrier dove;

Even distance no barrier weaves

'Mid the murmurous spaces of all her wind-stirred
leaves.

To dissever our love,—

Which measures

And treasures

The pleasures

Of autumnal tears,—

The sad,

Glad

Processional chant of the broad-shielded years!

LIFE LYRICS



THE FIRST LOVE LYRIC

Adam to Eve in Paradise

Fair Eve, thou art the soul of me,
The mirrored shadow of my heart;
My thoughts are symphonies of thee;
My share of this bright world thou art

God willed that I should better be;
And,—that I might not lonely grieve,—
Breathed forth His spirit unto thee,
And called this perfect being Eve.

I love thee, Eve, and thro' thine eyes,—
Which glisten like our virgin wine,—
I taste God's earthly Paradise,
And thank Him for His love, and thine.

THE RUTH OF THE GAEL

Beautiful Mary of old Galway,—

Ruth of the fields of love,—

Gather the sheaves of my songs to-day,

Child of the fields you love!

Beautiful Mary of old Galway,—

Why does the world repine?

Bind my soul with love to-day,

Ruth of the Field and Vine.

Beautiful Mary of old Galway,—

Queen of the Vale of Gold,—

Bind me the sheaves of love to-day,

Like Ruth of the days of old.

Beautiful Mary of old Galway,

When will the grain be rife?

When dreams of thee shall cease, you say?—

Then bind it with my life!

AWAY

A song of old Japan

I heard the Cuckoo's voice this morn:

Away, away, away!

The music echoed through the corn,—

Far, far away.

The sound was tender, sad, and clear;

Tho' far away, it seemed so near.

The music filled my soul with fear.

O saddest day of all the year,—

Of all the year!

The day is dark, the Sun doth flee

Far, far away.

My thoughts are dreams of phantasy,—

Far, far away.

My love is dead; she died to-day.

Away, away, away!

The angels bore her soul away,—

Far, far away.

I'll hear her voice divine no more,

My days in paradise are o'er.

O cuckoo, let thy soul outpour
And mourn with me forevermore—
 Forever more !
My love is waiting now for me,—
 Far, far away.
O sorrow, then farewell to thee !
 Far, far away.

MARGUERITE *

A song of the sea-divided Gael

Marguerite,
Fair and Sweet,
At thy feet, weeping,
Lo ! I kneel,
To reveal
Love never sleeping.

Love for thee
Said to me :
“Ever be royal.
She preferred
Wealth, but erred.
Do thou be loyal.

“Stay for her ;
Pray for her ;
Cease not thy yearning.
Time with snares,
Now prepares
Paths for returning.”

* Marguerite means “a pearl.” Ireland is here the poet’s “beloved pearl of the sea.”

Full of woe,
Long ago,
Darling, you left me.
I've been true,
Love, to you,—
Though it bereft me.

Day and night
Visions bright,—
Glory supernal,—
Told of the
Ecstasy—
Love is eternal.

Ne'er to part
Now, sweetheart,
We are united ;
In your eyes
Paradise,—
More than requited.

Purity
Mantles thee ;
Virtue, thy glory ;
With incense,
Innocence
Walks on before thee.

Now we meet,
Marguerite,—
Prodigal maiden!—
Don't conceal,
What you feel,
Heart overladen.

Flowing o'er,—
Yea, and more,—
Heart pierced with sorrow,
Do thou live,—
I forgive.
Think of the morrow!

Bury fears,
With the years,—
Dreams of the past, dear.
God has sent
Me content
With thee at last, dear.

Marguerite,
Fair and sweet,
At thy feet, weeping,
Lo! I kneel,
To reveal
Love never sleeping.

CUPID AND THE FAY

From the Greek

A fair virgin Fay thro' a wild woodland strolled,
To weave a fresh chaplet of flowers
To twine in her tresses,—far brighter than gold.
Long she sat in the fresh greenwood bowers.

She plucked from its stem at her feet a red rose,—
The queen of the cool flowery grove,—
And there in the flower, 'mid smiling repose,
Lay a sweet little Cupid of Love!

Quick she bound the fair innocent fast in her chains,
And the captive was 'whelmed with wild flowers;
But the thorns pricked her delicate hands for her
pains,—
The little Love struggled for hours.

Then the maid kissed the lips of the fair baby Boy,
And he gazed in her eyes full of bliss,—
Entranced with her beauty, his soul, thrilled with joy,
Was aflame with the fire of that kiss.

Deep he quaffed the sweet wine of her beauty divine,
Now aglow with the soft rosy hues
Which flowed round her form like the perfume of
wine,—
As fresh as the pure April dews.

His little heart beat like the thundering gale
As he touched her bright tresses of gold,
And blushed when her soul thro' those lips he'd in-
hale,—.
He implored her his bonds to unfold!

She bent o'er her Captive, the amorous Boy ;
And he sighed as she kissed him once more.
He gazed on her beauty with thousandfold joy.
“You are free,” said the maid, “evermore.”

But the victim, enraptured, 'mid violets lies ;
With passion his little form glows.
“You have slain me, fair maid, with the light of your
eyes.
Oh, why did you pluck my red rose?”

When Venus had missed her sly vagrant, she said :
“Where art Thou, my Cupid,—fair Boy ?”

Then she found him asleep in the arms of the maid.
He was dreaming of Beauty and Joy.

"At last, truant infant! I've found you at last.
Awake, you fair rascal,—awake!

With this virgin, no doubt, the day you have passed;
Come with me now,—her kisses forsake."

"O mother, this maiden has wounded the heart
Of your Cupid,—the slayer of men;
She has bound me with flowers,—I can not depart;
Oh, I'll never be happy again!

"She entrapped me asleep in the heart of the Rose,
And enkindled my soul with a kiss;
I struggled in vain to escape from her throes;
From her eyes I drank oceans of bliss.

"No ransom can tear me away from her lips.
Let not Jove himself me defy!
Your Cupid is conquered at last, and he sips
Love's wine till with bliss he shall die.

"Not even the prayer of my mother divine,—
Fair Venus, the goddess of Love,—
Shall rob me, O maid, of that beauty of thine.
Thro' the woodland forever we'll rove.

"What news do I hear from my Cupid, my sweet?
Wise indeed, Son of Venus, thou art!
Whilst you slept in the wild Rose that Virgin discreet
With thine own arrow pierced thine own heart!"

Then the coy virgin smiled as she kissed the fair brow
Of the victim she wounded that day;
Then she gave him his quiver, and quietly sped,
Thro' the woodland, with laughter, away.

COME FORTH, MY FAIR

An old English song

The dawn is here, the dawn is here!
Another day is born;
Awake, awake! Thy dreams forsake!
Arise,—'tis lovely morn!

In thrilling lays the birds loud praise
The golden summer day;
Now high, now higher, the feathered choir
Doth voice the joyful lay.

The woodland hill that, green and still,
Had dreamed in solitude,
With pleasure wakes, with rapture quakes—
Fair morning loves the wood.

Green nature thrills, creation fills
The heart with secret pleasure;
Each mystic note on high doth float,
In pure, terrestrial measure.

Awake, my love! To God above,
Pour forth thy soul in prayer,—
A hymn of praise for summer days.
Awake! Come forth, my fair!

HER LILY-WHITE HAND

From the Japanese

Were only
Thy Hand,—
Thy lily-
White hand,
Forever
Lying in mine,
O lov'd one
So fair,
What should
I care
If all the
World's confine
Were turned
Into flame,—
To torture
To blame,—
To mock
My living bliss?
I'd look in thy eyes,—

As blue as the skies,—
And forget
All my pain
In a kiss.

THERE IS SORROW AND PAIN IN MY HEART,
ROSALEEN

A song of the Gael

There is sorrow and pain in my heart, Rosaleen,
For to-day I must bid you farewell;
But I promise thee now as we part, Rosaleen,
My thoughts shall with Rosaleen dwell.

You called me your own sweetheart true, Rosaleen,
When I told you last night I must go.
I'll be loving and faithful to you, Rosaleen ;
We are sweethearts forever, you know.

Will you oft think of me when I'm gone, Rosaleen,—
When I sail o'er the wide, deep blue sea?
Will the days and the evenings seem long, Rosaleen ?
Will you write a kind letter to me ?

Oh, pardon my words ! Do not weep, Rosaleen ;
I'd not have thee cry for the world.
Behold ! There's my ship on the deep, Rosaleen.
See!—the dear Irish flag is unfurled.

And now,—for the last time,—farewell, Rosaleen.

Oh, pray for your own sweetheart true!

Tho' far from these shores I may dwell, Rosaleen,
I will ever be faithful to you.

THE SOUL-IMAGE

E'en distance lends no barrier
To sever thoughts of love.

My love sends not her written word,
But paints my eager mind in dreams,
And carves deep in my conscious Soul
The images that fond hearts love.

I pause each eve in Dreamland's dell
And listen to my inmost Soul,—
Where Morning's voice breathes forth in broken sighs,
And mingles with the woodland echoes there.

Then,—heeding not the silence golden,
Undisturbed e'en by the Serpent
Gliding through the dewy flowers,—
I gaze entranced upon the vision fair:

A living story graven on the friendly rock,
And throbbing in the very Soul of things!
E'en distance lends no barrier
To sever thoughts of love.

KISS ME ERE I DIE

A lyric of the Gael

Kiss me, Mary darling, ere I die,
Oh, what joy to know that you are nigh!

 Let me feel your kisses,
 Harbingers of blisses,—
Foretaste of beatitude on High.

Press me closer to your throbbing breast;
Ere I take my final earthly rest,—

 Grant me sanctuary!
 Pure as Virgin Mary,
Virtue makes your beauty more than blest.

You were ever faithful, loving, true;
Sunshine of my life, and angel too,
 Of earth's wealth my measure,—
 Not more fair, Heaven's treasure!
Manly hearts ne'er knew you but to woo.

Tho' I were abandoned by the world,—
Tho' a thousand curses at me hurled,—

You, like balm, would heal me,
From all pain would seal me :—
Paradise before my vision furled !

Do not weep, my Mary. Why those tears ?
Death is not the evil it appears.

Tho' I now must leave you,
Sorrow ne'er must grieve you ;
Faith and Hope and Love must conquer fears.

Farewell, sweetheart. Hark,—the Angel's knell !
Hear the notes of gladness,—how they swell !

Love for love is given.
We shall meet in Heaven.
Peace ! God bless you. Kiss me. Now—farewell !

THE POET TO HIS LOVE

My love for thee an ocean is
Which ebbs and flows for thee ;
Each thought of thee, a monument
A faery mystery.
Thou art the Queen of Dreamland fair,
Of woodland nymphs and fays ;
Thou art the spirit of my dreams,
The soul of all my lays.

The music of love's thoughts of thee
Doth lull my soul to sleep,—
To meet thee there on dreamland's shore,
Far, far beyond the deep.
The image of thy beauty pure,—
An angel in thy soul,
As glorious as the sunset bright,—
Doth each lament console.

The flames that struggle in my heart
To rend my soul in twain,
Are fed by living thoughts of thee ;
Nor smiles nor tears are vain.

Thou art my very life, my soul!
Thy smiles inspire my brain.
Since thy white soul has fled away
Life is my only pain.

HER VIOLIN

If Nature dreamed when Evening soothed her rest,
I'm sure I heard the echo calling me:
The regal sun was sleeping in the West,
And did not hear the plaintive melody.
'Twas Nature's voice, which sad and low and clear,—
Like fragrant concord borne in nectared air,—
Flowed into my enraptured, eager ear,
And healed the wounds of sorrow sleeping there.
I felt my burdened heart with music swell,
Which led me far beyond the city's din,—
A cup of happiness which Annabelle,
Drew magically from her violin.

TO AN ANGEL

The world, the world,—
I scorn the world,
For what's the world to me?
Since thou hast flown,
I am alone—
Thy soul's the life of me.

The world's a dream,—
And such a dream!—
A dream of living pain.
Within the tomb
Of earthly gloom
I weep for thee in vain.

But I shall rise.
Beyond the skies
When empty dreams are o'er
Eternal bliss
Spring from that kiss
From thee,—at Heaven's door.

A MARGUERITE WITH VIOLETS

When heart of mine was dead to me
And life enchain'd by vain regrets,
Her message came: "Still true to thee!"—
A marguerite with violets.

"I bid thee wait," the message said.
My answer was a prayer,—farewell!
I followed where Impatience led—
My Paradise became a Hell.

The saddest story ever penned
Within her farewell letter ran:
Immortal she had held her friend,
But found him mortal,—merely man.

And now my heart is dead to me,
And life enchain'd by vain regrets.
I dream her words: "Still true to thee!"—
A marguerite with violets.

CUPID VICTOR

Last night as I strolled in the garden,
By the light of the glorious moon
I plucked a red rose that was sleeping
And dreaming of beautiful June.

And,—lo, and behold!—in the chamber
Of the delicate, velvety rose
Lay a laughter-wise, golden-haired Cupid,
A-smiling in peaceful repose.

In triumph I bore the fair captive
To my study to drown him with wine;
I plunged him then deep in the goblet
Brimming o'er with the blood of the vine.

Then quickly I quaffed the ambrosia,
And love became part of my soul!
But alas! it is I who am vanquished—
I cannot my anguish control!

KENTUCKY DAIRY MAID

A song of the South

Blood of my heart, blushing maid of the dairy,
Black-eyed colleen of the valley and hall;
Beautiful, dutiful Julia, the fairy,
Belle of Kentucky and pride of them all!

Black as the wing of the raven those tresses
Falling in ringlets o'er shoulders of snow;
Eyes ever tempting the sunbeam's caresses,
Fairest of maids thou art, Julia, I know.

Soul of my soul, lithesome queen of the dairy,
Banish those clouds from the light of your eyes!
Sing the old song, O my Julia,—you fairy!—
Let music tell o' thee, belle whom I prize.

Scenes of my dreams often rise from the dairy,
I stand fondly gazing once more at the door,
And behold; with glad heart, laughing Julia, the fairy,
Steals into my heart to depart nevermore.

A VISION OF LOVE

In imitation of Tom Moore

I wandered serene in a vision of glory;
My soul was entranced in a dream of delight;
In soft dulcet numbers my heart's secret story
Empurpled my lips with love's rich, rosy light.

I dreamed as I lay in my arbor in slumber
She came, like an Eve, to my new Paradise,
But, with tears on her cheeks and sighs without
number.
She gently did bid me from ecstasy rise.

Her full rosy lips, mutely pleading for kisses,
Were warm with the exquisite wine of delight;
To gaze on her ravishing riches of blisses
Would rob a poor lover of heart and of sight.

Her beautiful face was the nest of persuasion.
She murmured: "I love thee!" In bliss did I float.
And then came a cruel,—a mocking invasion:
The voice of the swallow,—a dream-breaking note;

In my dreams I was loved. I awaken forsaken,
My life is a twilight of anguish and pain,
Thou ill-omened bird! Oh, why hast thou shaken
The slumber of him who must chide thee in vain?

CONJUGAL LOVE

(Anglo-Saxon)

When the tyrant, old Time, with fierce envy transported,

Sends Death,—icy pilgrim,—to steal 'way our joys,
In your girls, Mary darling, again you'll be courted;
And I'll go a-wooing once more in my boys.

I LOVE THEE, SWEETHEART

A Song

FROM THE GAELIC

I love thee, sweetheart, darling, love thee dear;

Thy sacred image hovers ever near,

Altho' thy heart is cruel,

This only adds new fuel,

I love thee, sweetheart, for thy soul is pure.

In dreams I see thee, dearest, oh, so fair!

• To thee my soul pours forth eternal prayer;

O angel, I am lonely!

I love thee, love thee only,—

I often mingle thoughts of thee with tears.

My love for thee is not an idle dream;

Thine image in my mind is Hope's bright beam.

Alone I pray,—ah, hear me!—

I feel that thou art near me,

For ever love responds to love sincere.

I do not love thee for thy lovely form,

Thy soulful eyes, thine innocence, thy charm.

Thy soul doth ponder o'er me,

E'en tho' thy heart ignore me.

I love not thee of earth but thee of God.

LOVE'S DREAM OF ETERNITY

I knelt at her side as she breathed her last prayer,
And trembled with sorrowful bliss;
For the angels were smiling o'erhead, everywhere,—
As she pressed my flushed hand with a kiss.
And it seemed as if God and His angels and men
Had appeared in the glory of light,
To blend their souls' voices in choirs of "Amen!"
And to charm my pierced heart with delight.
Thro' the bright golden aura around her fair head;
When the music celestial was still,
I saw her pale face, and I knew she was dead.
I remembered her words: "'Tis God's will!"

I gazed at her beautiful body at rest,
And my sorrow gave birth to a smile;
For I knew that her soul, with Eternity blest,
Had abandoned its home for a while.
I remembered those words she had whispered to me
When I wept in my grief at her side,—
She breathed forth, O God, her pure love for Thee—
I would that I, too, then had died!

Through the bright golden aura around her fair head,
When the music celestial was still,
I saw her pale face, and I knew she was dead,—
I whispered her prayer: “ ‘Tis God’s will.”

PSALMS OF THE SOUL

DE PROFUNDIS

A psalm of the soul

I pray Thee, God, the path of truth reveal!
For Thou alone and truth, I know, are real.

I cheerfully drink sorrow,
Have hope for each to-morrow—
I would not from Thee, Lord, my soul conceal.
Within me, Lord,—deep in my living soul,—
There burns a fire my love cannot control.

The vision Thou hast sent me
In twain has nearly rent me ;
The cloud obscures the star that should console.

O Father, in the solitude of night
I saw the shining star of heavenly light ;
And, awed with silent wonder,
Mine ears drank clamoring thunder,
And ever-changing clouds obscured the light :
The lightning flashed, the heavens roared aloud ;
With terror's eyes, I watched the mystic cloud
That gloomily was sailing
O'er glory's star unfailing,
Which, like a diamond, pierced the sombre shroud.

While shadows tinged my 'raptured, beaming face
The giant cloud plunged wildly into space;
 The starbeams,—darting,—thrilled me,—
Hadst Thou been gone, they'd killed me
With pains of joy like unto Heaven's grace.
I've lifted up my heart, O Lord, to Thee!
And Thou hast filled my soul with mystery;
 My prayer,—Thou didst reveal it,—
Within my heart I feel it:
The cloud, my life,—the Star of Truth is Thee.

LIBERTY'S BIRTH

Time plucked the Dream Incarnate, Lord, from Thee
That blossomed in the flesh in Galilee;
God reigned supreme from Virgin Mother's knee,—
The blessed fruit of rapt eternity.

O'er gloried paths by unborn millions trod,
Through centuries of service, day by day,
From joy to joy, from sorrow e'en to God
The Child shall lead them o'er the hallowed way.

The Infant King, His banner white unfurled,
Leads forth to life the myriad-hearted van.
O Christmas Dawn,—bright morning of the world,—
The birthday of the liberty of man!

THE BREAD OF LIFE

The heart of man is starving.

On the path for ages trod
He drags his famished body,—
His soul athirst for God.

Come ye,—all ye that labor,—
Eat of the living bread ;
Drink of the bloody chalice,
Arise ye from the dead !

Man thou art more than mortal,
And love is not a clod.
Feed thou thy famished body
Upon the flesh of God.

Unless you drink this chalice,
Unless you eat this bread,
You shall not have life in you,—
So God Himself hath said.

God is the world's existence,
The life, the truth, the way.
Drink of the world's to-morrow,
Eat of the world's to-day.

CHILDREN'S HYMN TO MARY

O Mary, sweet Mother, we come,—we come
To worship sweet Jesus with thee!
We crown thee with flowers
These bright blooming hours;
We know that from sin thou art free,—art free.
And to Jesus we sing;
His praises shall ring
In outbursts of song to thee,—to thee,—
In carols of joy to thee.

O Mother, pure Virgin, then grant, pray, our boon:
May virtue bloom fairer each day;
With touch so divine,
May it quicken like wine,
As you guide us, O Queen, on our way,—our way.
And with us every day
The angels shall pray
As we carry our cross o'er His way,—His way.
As we carry our cross o'er His way.

Queen of May, Virgin Mary, our young hearts are
gay,

For thou art our Mother,—our love.

We will offer our prayer,

Spread thy name everywhere,

As we praise thee and Jesus to-day,—to-day,—

Who suffered and died,

Was crowned, crucified,

That mankind might live by His love,—His love.

That mankind might live by His Love.

O Mary, sweet Mother, we come,—we come

To worship sweet Jesus with thee!

We crown thee with flowers

These bright blooming hours;

We know that from sin thou art free, art free.

And to Jesus we sing;

His praises shall ring

In outbursts of song to thee,—to thee,—

In carols of joy to thee.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY

Sunrise on the mountains ;
Sunset on the sea ;
O mellow golden moonlight,
How dear thou art to me !
The wild lays of the woodland,
The music of the rill,
The sympathy of Nature,
Who can forget the thrill
Of solitude and beauty,
Of evening's soft delight,
The woodland's vesper songsters,
The plaintive sighs of Night,
But sweeter than the music
Of nature to the Soul
Is Life's immortal story,
True virtues that console :
Faith, the soul of Angels ;
Hope, eternal youth,
And Charity,—the Love of God,—
The voice of living truth.

THE HEART OF GOD

I love Thee, God, among the City's sighing;
I love Thee in the solemn watch of night;
I love Thee, Lord, when weary day is dying,
And Nature fades in silence from my sight.

Each vesper moment throbs with hope eternal;
Each soul vibrates with loving sympathy,
Each life becomes an ardent prayer supernal
Which radiates, Heart Crucified, from Thee!

Thou art, O Heart, the angel's fount of glory;
The dread of demons into Hell once hurled;
The humble saint reflects thy sad life's story;
Thou art my share, loved Heart, of this bleak world.

HAIL, DAUGHTER OF THY SON DIVINE!

Hail, Virgin Mother of a King,
Whose throne thou art!
O Daughter of thy Son Divine,
Whose sacred heart
Its precious lifeblood drew from thee,—
Hail, Full of Grace!

Thy soul doth magnify the Lord
Who is with thee.
Plant courage in this heart of mine,—
Oh, pray for me!
God's angel's word I bring to thee.
Hail, Full of Grace!

THE WORLD IS ONLY A TOMB

We live in a trance in this world here below,
And the Soul is obscured in the gloom;
When we wake from the dream of this life we shall
know
The whole world is only a tomb.

Like a diamond that sleeps in the dark, stony mine,
And to dream of Life does not presume,
The soul is asleep in its earthly confine—
The whole world is only a tomb.

From life unto death,—death again, fruitful change!—
Thro' Time doth God's law slow consume;
Each mortal must travel this eternal range—
The whole world is only a tomb.

We die when on earth, amid pain we are born;
The earth is God's limbo of gloom;
But the dream of life wisely doth serve but to warn
That the whole world is only a tomb.

The Valley of Death is the pathway to light,
Which leads thro' the world's passing gloom;

The peace of eternity waits the Soul's flight
From the world, which is only a tomb.

With an infinite joy,—oh!—the Soul doth rejoice!
When its short earthly slumber is o'er;
And thrilled with love wakes with eternity's voice:
“You shall grieve, happy spirit, no more!”

Then, loved ones, weep not, for those cold lips do
pray:
“Oh, remember, 'tis man's earthly doom,—
To sleep for a day in God's temples of clay,
Thence to wake from the world's prison tomb.”

ONLY GOD AND TRUTH ARE REAL

O'er the world there hangs a terror,
Like a ghost near dismal tomb ;
And the demon's name is Error,—
'Tis the fruit of Evil's womb.

And this Veil of Darkness covers
All the faculties of man.
O'er the mind there ever hovers
In its gloominess this ban.

If this gloom is real, pathetic,
'Tis a symbol we must feel ;
Mind must pierce the waves prophetic,—
Truth is pilot at the wheel.

In truth man's grief is but mortal ;
Death the kingdom shall reveal ;
Grief shall vanish at the portal.
Only God and Truth are real.

SONGS OF NATURE

OSSIAN'S FLOWER SHADOW

O'er evening falls the twilight hour ;
The quiet woodland's verdant sheen
Doth cast its mantle o'er each flower,
Which hangs its heavy head serene,
And waves in motion with the gale,
And, murmuring softly, seems to say :
"Why dost thou wake me, whispering gale ?
Why sweep the trembling dewdrops 'way,—
The golden gems from Heaven's glades ?
My soul with secret joy now heaves ;
The time is come,—my beauty fades ;
The blast doth scatter far my leaves,
To-morrow shall the shepherd come
Who loved me in my beauty free ;
His eyes shall o'er the woodland run
In vain,—alas !—to seek for me."

THE KING OF SNOW

Little bird,
Have you heard,
From the King of Snow,—
From his palace in the sky
Where he dwells alone on high?
Does he mean us good, or harm,
When he sends the snow and storm?
Is there wisdom in my tears?
Is there reason in my fears?
Tell me,
Little bird.

“As you know,
Birds of Snow
Love the old Snow King.
In the snowstorm we delight;
Messages we bear each night
When the snow is falling fast,
When the Autumn days are past,
From our Master,—kind old man—
And his happiness we plan.
Fear not!—
He loves man.”

NATURE

"Lovely is the charm of the night."

—SPENSER.

Theocritus, poet of the hills,
Did mingle music with the rills,
Did ope his soul to Nature's song,
And told his story to his flock.

There flowed in music from his reed
The aspirations of his soul,
Which,—like the gentle, heaving sea,—
Receives the river in its course.

And as the fragrant numbers fell
To mingle with fair Nature's breath,
The daisies, sleeping in the dell,
Thrilled with the joy they loved so well;

And dreamed of Life and Love and God.
Nor sweeter was the deep, pure note
That flowed in music from his throat
Than are the secret sighs of Night.

APRIL

A spring idyl of old Japan

On the tender, fragrant blossoms
 Falls the soft, white, crystal snow,
Like a fleecy, velvet mantle,
 Covers buds and flowers slow.

Then I seek (how vain!) to carry
 Snowy treasures of the land
To my loved one in the city;
 Lo!—they melt within my hand.

Deep the snow; in hillside garden
 Silv'ry locks of dying year;
Bright the Sun in vernal glory
 Twines each crystal to a tear.

Ah, it seems as if old Winter,
 Conscious of his dying hour,
Weeps in solitary anguish,
 Leaves a tear-drop in each flower.

Bright arrayed in tender colors,
Blossoms raise their lovely heads ;
And the flowers, thrilled with rapture,
Tremble in their soft, green beds.

Far beyond, among the hilltops
Sleeps e'en now the vagrant snow ;
Full of birds the weeping willow
Near the river far below.

O thou stream-consoling willow !
Soon on bright and brilliant wing,
Nightingales among thy branches
Sweet will mate,—entrancing sing.

Now the fragrant cherry blossoms
'Gin to tremble, fade, and fall.
What a shame so soon to perish,—
Blossoms dear to lovers all !

Gently fall, Spring Rain, fall gently !
Scatter not the cherry flowers
Till I've loved their beauty longer,—
For a day withhold thy showers.

April, shame! Thou month of flowers,
Linger in the sky so blue;
Moderate your ardent torrents.
Are you jealous of the dew?

Thru the Winter, chill and dreary,
Heard I not the song of bird,
Now, with thrilling notes of rapture,
Nightingale and lark are heard.

Long I strolled this April morning
'Mong the aisles of woodland green.
Nature holds her court of welcome,
Ecce Spring, thou blushing Queen!

Spring is here, Oh, bury sorrow!
Joyful be all hearts to-day.
Summer, too, will come to-morrow—
Drive all gloomy thoughts away!

NATURE'S REQUIEM FOR THE DEAD

A November Threnody

In the Fall of the year
Comes the fall of the tear,
And all of them here
 Are sad;
For the fall of the year
And the fall of the tear
Are the gall and the fear,—
Yea, the pall and the bier
 Of the dead.

Even the pang of sorrow
Leaves a thrill of joy,
There is a splendid beauty that escapes
Even the horror of the scene
When the fair virgin martyr,
Stript of wealth, honor, and mantle,
Mingles her dying prayers
With the fierce animal rage
Of the bounding leopard
That crunches her tender bones
In his blood-dripping jaws.

There is a beauty
In the lingering sigh of a dying child ;
There is a splendor,
Even in sombre widowhood ;
There is, too, a mysterious,
Resplendent beauty
In the blush of the dying year,—
When Nature strews the couch with
Autumn leaves.

Have you been out in the silent woods
During the past few days ?
Have you seen the grand old hills
Emblazoned with the heraldry of Autumn ?
The crest of royalty is there,
Mounting the House of Death.

The crimson blood of martyrdom
Flecks the field of virgin gold ;
The standard of royal purple
Is mantled with pale blue stars ;
The season's armored legion
Is resting on the hills.
The sunlight falling on their varied helmets
Glistens at noonday
Like a shower of shimmering gold
Shaken from angels' wings.

Standing upon a slight elevation,
I saw in the distance a wooded forest,
Whose leaves were aglow
With the broken rainbow's deepest hues.
The splendid array
Seemed to be an army of giant angels who,
Wearied with much travel in the valleys of
of men,
Had folded their gold-becrimsoned wings
And, bowing their heads to the East,
Were resting on the peaceful hills.

And then I heard the sudden sighing
Of the sad November winds ;
It was the voice, in plaintive unison,
Of the suffering souls in purgatory.
And the message of that sigh ?
Ah,—it was the same story,
As that so eloquently told
By the green, gold, and crimson
Of the Autumn leaves.

These giant angels
Were praying, praying,—praying.
As I wearily wound my way homeward,
I, too, murmured the *De Profundis*
And my soul was, indeed, lifted
Out of the depths.

I knelt on consecrated ground,
For Nature, mute priest of God,
With strange liturgical contradiction,
In vestments of crimson and gold,—
Raiment of the living,—
Was saying Mass for the dead.

The Paradise of Birds

Far beyond the northern ice
Lies the bird's fair Paradise
Fairer place was never seen;
Music here is lovely Queen.

No ear hath heard
The song of bird
So charming and divine,—
A symphony
Of harmony
So charming and divine!

Here, beneath the morning skies,
'Mid the joys of Paradise,
Happy birds enjoy new birth,
Bid farewell to Mother Earth,—
Each spirit blest
With peace and rest,

Eternal bliss and joy!
A symphony
Of harmony,
Eternal bliss and joy!

Sunshine, Music, Happiness,—
Birds' own Paradise of bliss.
Rainbow-colored feathered throng
Living in eternal song.
Sweet hymns of praise,
Entrancing lays
Ascend to Him above,—
A symphony
Of harmony:
Love's tribute unto love!

Queen of the Night

In the heavens who is like thee,
Queen of the silent night?
Thy smile encheers the sleeping earth;
Creation loves thy light.

At thy soft, glorious presence,
Why, e'en the stars serene
Do turn away their sparkling eyes
In silence 'fore their queen.

Thy steps,—like music soft of song,—
In thrilling beauty rise,
E'en as the daughter of the snows
Steps from the hall of sighs.

Behind the rolling Eastern cloud
Doth glow thy beauty there ;
And playful waves oft kiss thy light
And bathe thy lovely hair.

OSSIAN'S APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN

A Psalm of the Ancient Gael

O thou that rollest glorious above,
More round than shield my warlike fathers bore,
Whence are thy beams, O Sun,—thy golden light?
Thou comest forth in giant beauty clad;
The pigmy stars retreat beyond the sky.

The tired Moon bids black-eyed Night farewell,
And sinks to rest beneath the western wave;
But thou, O Sun, dost glide thy course alone,—
No faithful star attends thy trail of light.

The oaks upon the highest mountain fall;
The mountains crumble with the silent years;
The ocean shrinks away and grows again;
The Moon herself is wasted in the sky.

But thou, O Sun, forever art the same,
Rejoicing in the glory of thy reign:
When tempests rage, to darken all the world,
When thunder rolls and lightning splits the skies,
Thou beamest in thy beauty from the clouds,
And laughest at the fury of the storm.

Thy rule, alas! to Ossian is in vain;
The halo of thy smiles I cannot see,
For God has hung a curtain o'er my soul,¹
And I am blind to Moon and Stars and thee.

No more thy beams of triumph I behold;
And if thy yellow hair on eastern wave
Flows like the trembling chords on harps of gold,
Or if 'neath red-cloud portals of the West,
Thou rulest like a monarch on his throne,
I see thee not,—but dream that thou art there.

Alas! perhaps, like mine, thy day shall come,—
Thy years of light will find a solemn end.
Then shalt thou sleep, entombed in sable clouds,
Unmindful of the Morning's plaintive cry.

Exult, O Sun, and glory in thy youth!
Old age is dark, unlovely, and unkind;
'Tis like the glimmering light of waning Moon,
Which shines through silver mists upon the hills;
The blast of North is on the cheerless plain,
The traveler shrinks, his journey just begun.

¹ Ossian, the Homer of the ancient Gael, was blind.

CHILD'S ODE TO THE IRISH BLACKBIRD

Queen of warblers, tuneful Blackbird,—

How I love thy morning song !

Perched upon the hedge or willow,

Leader of the feathered throng !

Black thy wing and ebon-feathered,

Full of peace and joy thy note ;

Dance with mirth those eyes of pleasure

Shining brightly as thy coat.

Sing to me those lays of gladness ;

Let thy music fill my soul !

In the tumult of thy raptures

Every note doth tears console.

Sing again thy song of welcome ;

Praise with joy the blushing dawn ;

Wake the flowers and the woodland ;

Call the cuckoo and the fawn !

Nature loves thee, happy blackbird,—

Lovely morning's first delight !—

Fill the world with warblings always,

Welcome, then, with morning's light !

TO A VIOLET

Blue Violet, why fade away,—
O woodland's fair delight?
The roses love thy majesty,
The daisies love thy sight.

Like opal in the vernal shade,
Thy beauty glows serene :
Thou queen of all the flowery glade,
The fairest blossom seen !

“Don’t die!” the pure white Lily cries.
“Oh, stay!” implores the Rose ;
“ ’Tis time enough when summer dies
To sleep in death’s repose.”

TO LUNA

O daughter chaste of Heaven, truly thou art fair!
Deep silence flows around thee; thy face beams everywhere;
Thou comest forth in loveliness, the stars attend thy course;
The stately star of falling Night doth lose his twinkling force.

And in thy sacred presence the gladsome clouds rejoice
To praise thee in thy beauty, with one adoring voice;
Thy yellow light in motion blends with the whispering breeze,
And plays 'mid sleeping violets, and bathes the quiet seas.

In the heavens who is like thee, O Queen of silent Night?
Thy smile doth cheer the sleeping Earth; Creation loves thy light.
But in thy glorious presence even the stars serene
Do turn away their sparkling eyes in silence 'fore their queen.

But whither dost thou oft retire, O Queen of all
 repose,

When thou dost leave thy azure course, and darkness
 round thee grows?

Hast thou thy hall beyond the hills, like the Palace of
 the Sun?

Where on thy bed thy lovely form doth rest when
 duty's done?

Or dost thou dwell 'mid sadness, in the shadow dark
 of grief?

Have thy sisters fair been stolen by some dark
 ungodly thief?

Are they,—who oft rejoiced with thee at Night and
 e'er,—no more?

Hast thou no mother, father, friends, nor sisters to
 adore?

Yes, they have fallen, fairest light! Thou retirest oft
 to mourn;

And thou thyself shall fail one night, and leave thy
 blue path's bourne;

And darksome Night,—who oft was cheered, when
 weeping, in thy beams,—

Shall bathe the sleeping Earth in tears, and swell the
 silv'ry streams.

Then let us e'er rejoice, O Moon, and honor Him
above!

For man doth live in darkness here, protected by His
love.

Thy light, O Moon, like God's own Word, doth guide
us in the night;

When morning comes, thou dost depart,—the Sun of
Truth gives light.

THE WOODLAND'S WELCOME

Blushing flowers count the hours,—

Wake my slumbering soul;
Each old tree doth speak to me,
As in the woods I stroll.

Above me high, my old friends fly;

The redbird sweetly sings;
The calm, sweet breeze glides through the trees,
And fans her downy wings.

Now answer all the redbird's call,

The robin and the jay;
The happy throng with gladsome song,
All "Welcome!" seem to say.

The wild doves, wooing, cease their cooing,

And hide behind the leaves.

Sweet silence here and everywhere
Comforts the heart that grieves.

That hollow tree in mystery

A grave old friend doth shield;
With blinking eyes the poor owl spies
His friend thro' gloom revealed.

Hark! gaily trill the notes that thrill
From the heart of the sprightly thrush;
The forest's edge, where sleeps the hedge,
Doth awaken the woodland's hush.

In the woodland scene, with its carpet green,
I forget my plaguing wants;
And peace serene, I ever glean
Amid these lovèd haunts.

Fair Nature wakes, with pleasure quakes,
And greets me with her smiles.
Does man exist who can resist
All her coquettish wiles?

All nude and old, in giant mold,
But young and ever green,
The tangled wood hath ages stood
'Mid solitude,—its queen!

Resplendent Sun, how oft hast run
Thy course through azure skies,
And cast thy rays as fled the days?
The violet blue replies:

“My life I've spent in full content,
And drunk the glistening rain;

And sister flowers, who love the bowers,
Have welcomed thee again."

Creation seems enshrined in dreams;
E'en speaks the verdant sod.
Free flowing tears dissolve my years,—
My soul is filled with God.

THOUGHTS ON NIGHT

As gently falls the Moon's soft light
As flows the grace of God thro' prayer;
As slowly close the folds of Night
As creeps the mist o'er placid lake;
Night clothes the earth in fairy form,
And smiles the smile of innocence,
And hides behind the mountainside,
Nor listens to the plaintive moon
That bathes the world in mellow light:
Nor ventures in the cavern deep,—
But blesses Nature's peaceful sleep.
The twinkling stars all join the song
To praise their God in Harmony,
And mingle deep their tears divine.
In joy serene the placid lake
Doth slumber in the woodland's shade,—
A lovely sheet of living blue
Where falls in peace the Moon's soft light.

A SEPTEMBER REVERIE

The rosy days of youthful joys are fled;
The images of youth not all are dead;

The sunlight of those happy days doth shine
With cheering warmth upon this silvery head.

The stories of those golden hours so dear,
The folklore of a childhood I revere,

Rise 'fore my wavering mind in reverie,—
Once more the days of youth are real and near!

A secret of my heart I would reveal,—
A thought that every soul must know and feel:

The treasure truly great is not of gold,—
The eternal treasure Soul has for its seal.

We are not what the world holds us in store;
True wealth is of the spirit,—nothing more;

Our own creations are our only world;
Mind makes its own creation to adore.

The world doth pass away like days of youth;
God only is eternal,—and God's truth;

Each man his moral kingdom makes and rules:
A thousand men, a thousand worlds, forsooth.

But of all images of thoughts confessed
The happy dreams of youth are truly blessed;
These glowing thoughts pass 'fore my troubled soul,
And bring the soothing hope of joy and rest.

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS

I love to hear the Blackbird sing;
I love to hear the Jay;
There's music in the Robin's hymn,
There's rapture in his lay.

I love to hear the praises of
The gushing Nightingale,—
The lyric inspiration of
The Bluebird in the vale.

I love to hear the Lark at dawn,—
With pleasure throbs his soul;
The Bobolink doth tremble with
A joy he can't control.

I love to hear the fulsome note
That wakes the deep night's hush,—
The wise old Owl's sad, dismal hoot,
I like to hear the thrush.

And often when my heart's depressed,—
Just every now and then,—
I like to hear the cheery note
Of little Jenny Wren!

THE GREEK SHEPHERD'S LAY

Oh, what to the sad heart so sweet as the note
Of the poor rustic Shepherd improving his oat,
'Mid bright summer joys and fair rural fields,—
Rapt list'ning to Nature, and praising her yields?
The Sun, king of day, bids the green earth adieu,
And royally sinks 'mid his splendor from view;
The deep plaintive notes lull the evening that slumbers;
In dreamland's fair pastures the tired flocks stray;
The Shepherd pipes on, fearing not night's moist
shade,

But lives in the sweet notes which Nature pervade;
His soul, full of love and the thoughts they inspire,
Is speaking in rapture of Cupid's pure fire.
The gods drink the joy of the poor Shepherd's
mead,—

The heaven-voiced music that falls from his reed.
The gladness of man wrought in golden-hoped
numbers
Shall forever find voice in the lone Shepherd's lay.

A SONG OF WINTER

Winter's here,—
Cold and drear.
Never fear!
Mirth and cheer
Grace the year,—
Glad New Year!—
When the heart is young and gay.

Soon we'll hear,—
Far and near,
Borne on ear,—
Songs so dear;
“Robin’s here;
Spring is near,
Lo! behold! ’twill soon be May.”

VAGRANT VERSES

A MILLION SONGS ARE RINGING IN MY HEART

A song of songs unsung

A million songs are ringing in my heart,
But, for a sin of silence long ago,
God plucked from out my soul the poet's art.—
My torture none but God and demons know.

These children of my soul seek but in vain
For birth and life upon the bright green earth;
My pent-up throes of labor, woe, and pain
Are God's dread prophecies of their unbirth.

The patient world, expectant, would rejoice
To hear the lyrics which within me dwell.
Oh, who will grant to me the gift of voice,
Since God has justly thrust me into hell?

A million songs are raging in my heart,
But, for a sin of silence long ago,
God struck me dumb,—withdrew the poet's art.
I suffer now for sins of long ago.

"S-HOH-HEEN SHOH"

An ancient Irish lullaby

I'd bring my boy baby, bright, laughing and fair,
 Into heavenly slumber and rest;
With ancient love-songs and sweet fairylore
 I'd lull him to sleep in his nest.
I'd sing not coarse songs of the fearless and bold,—
 For in childhood's soft dream all is fair,—
As the soothing breeze blows in a cradle of gold,
 My baby would dream, free from care.

CHORUS

S-hoh-heen, shoh,
 Hill-loh, low;
S-hoh-heen, shoh, my darling baby.
S-hoh-heen, shoh,
 Hill-loh, low;
S-hoh-heen, shoh, my darling baby.

I'd lull my boy sweetly, to sleep time away
 'Mid the shade and the fruit and the flowers;
On a bright summer day when all the world's gay,
 And the good angels watch with the hours.

And innocence smiles on the face of my boy,
And his ebon curls move with the breeze;
In a gold cradle rocking, 'mid mirth, youth, and
flowers,
Or beneath the tall, shady green trees.

Sleep, sleep, baby, sleep, and be happy thy rest;
And may slumber inspire thee with health;
May the tridents of Death, the harsh Grip of Disease,
Ne'er deprive thee of Nature's great wealth.
May the lullaby song of thy mother prolong
Thy rest in the sweet Land of Dreams.
When thou wak'st from thy rest on thy fond mother's
breast,
May thy life be as fair as thy dreams!

By thy thoughts may thy heart ne'er be worried nor
sad;
May thy dreams like the quiet rill run;
May thy sleep be refreshing and peaceful and glad;
May thy mother ne'er weep for her son.
Then sleep, baby, sleep,—go to sleep, darling boy!
The angels will guard thee on high.
Then slumber in solitude,—mother is nigh
Go to sleep, mother's own! Husha-by!

MRS. NATION'S REPUTATION

Sure, Maloney, now,—faith!—an' d'ye hear uv Mrs.
Nation,

Who raises Old Nick with the Kansas saloon?
Be the shnakes ov Saint Patrick! she's tryin' the same
thrick,
Our saint wanst performed o'er the say,—the
gossoon!

Why, she smashes the fixtures, the mirrors, and
picthures,

And throws all the spirits right out in the street.
Where in peace they wur thrivin' wid a hatchet she's
drivin'
The shnakes from old Kansas to certain defeat.

She swears be the powers before many hours
To wreck ivery dive in the doomed Sunflower State.
Sure, the way she goes thru it, I believe she will do
it,—

Unless some spalpeen wid a club breaks her pate.

This same Mrs. Nation,—Old Harry's relation,—
I think, friend Maloney, 's as daft as a loon.
Fond she is uv the preachin', and proud uv her
teachin',
And is filled with the wind uv a Spanish balloon.

To this Prophet of Kansas some tempting bonanzas
Were offered last week be the kings of the stage;
But the bold Mrs. Nation says she knows her station,—
Her work is to kindle the dive-keepers' rage.

But Maloney, believe me,—I will not deceive ye,—
This woman is earnest and manes to do well.
I believe her intinshuns are timely previnshuns,—
The savin' uv many a young man from Hell.

Yis, this queer occypashun uv bold Mrs. Nation
Is not, I confess, what a woman should do.
Frind Maloney, I'm thinkin' this illagal drinkin'
Will make prohibition for sure. Now, don't you?

But what if this fury should come to Missouri,—
Would she start a saloon, Tom? Say, what do you
think?
“To Old Nick wid Mrs. Nation and ivery relation!”
Says Maloney. “Come, Casey, let's have one more
drink!”

BESSIE AND JESSIE

Two little playmates are Bessie and Jess,

Happy, young, graceful, and fair.

Bessie loves Jessie, and Jessie loves Bess,

Gay are their hearts,—free from care.

Jess is a lily, and Bess a red rose;

They glow with true friendship and love;

In all Nature's garden no fairer bud grows

Than these blossoms of innocent love.

Pure friendship's devotion, untarnished by strife,—

A smile wreathes each loving caress.

True playmates in youth and faithful thro' life,—

Fair Bessie and innocent Jess.

O fair little friends, may your love e'er increase;

May Virtue herself guide your way,—

Strew your path with the blessings of Love, Joy, and

Peace!

Remember that Life's but a day.

IS JUSTICE DEAD?

Poor old Oom Paul is dead in Switzerland. As we see him, he was a strong man, and a noble, a heroic figure—a Washington of the nineteenth century. He led a fight for liberty that it seemed ought to have won, and thereby became one of the great figures of the age. It is not surprising that such a man should have died in a republic.' The brave Swiss are free.—*The New World.*

O noble Kruger! Was thy wandering toil
From throne to throne,—from king to queen,—in
vain?
Sleep now. No king from honor can despoil
Her own reward, her life-abounding gain.
Each fond hope crushed, each effort doth contain
A seed undying, throbbing in the ground.
In dust where, wrung with tyranny's fell pain,
The hearts of heroes bore each burning wound
Whose fruit is liberty—O glorious sound!—
Rest now, great Prophet of a Nation's right!
Thy faith was strong, thy confidence profound.
Is Justice dead that to thy Freedom's sight
Appears no living sign of England's fall?
Our God is just,—though empires crumble all!

THANKSGIVING DINNER

An idyl of the farm

You may boast about your swell café's menu,—its bill
of fare,—

Of the great hotels of Paris and the service catered
there;

You may talk of fancy dinners—*à la mode*, with music
grand,—

Which you've tasted in your travels through the cities
of the land.

Perhaps you are a nabob, or a multi-millionaire,
A gentleman of quality, a prince, or favored heir,—
Mayhap you are a connoisseur, and love your viands
pure;

Perhaps you're only happy when you play the epicure.

I don't care what your station is, or what you really
are;

I care not where your appetite has led you,—near or
far,—

You could not in a thousand years, wherever you
might roam,

Duplicate Thanksgiving dinner at the old Missouri home.

What did we have? You ask. Well here's the story, briefly told:

For cheery appetizer that which can't be bought with gold,—

True gratitude to God for all His gifts, to men, good cheer;

And every heart was thankful for the blessings of the year.

This moral appetizer filled the house with love and cheer,

And each one said, deep in his heart: "I'm happy to be here!"

And everything seemed brighter than it was the day before.

Thanksgiving day at Mother's—Well, now; who could wish for more?

I could not name the things we had,—although I try so hard,—

Especially in rhyme, because I really am no bard,
But since you'd have me mention, as you say, at least a few

For the sake of sweet remembrance,—well, I don't care if I do.

A turkey in the middle, and a turkey on the side,—
How they were baked so temptingly, I really can't
decide,—
The dressings? They were excellent; the salads were
superb,
I doted on the celery, the condiment de herb.

Red cranberries and apples bright adorned the festive
board,
The best of curly lettuce, too, that autumn could
afford.
I ate the mashed potatoes with a sort of pious ease,
And prepared to taste the sweet potatoes, followed by
the cheese.
I near forgot to mention 'bout the gravy, rich and
brown,
Which made Sis' Annie famous with the laddies of
the town.
There was buttermilk and coffee, *mint and julep* (call
it milk),
After you had drunk a glass or so you felt as fine as
silk.
The bread was Mother's graham, brown, or wheat, or
wholesome rye;
To be in season, Nora said, she must have pumpkin
pie.

And Father, like a Norse of old, enthroned in honored
place,

Intoned the hymn of praise to God, and offered up
the grace.

I think you will agree with me, you long would have
to roam,

To find Thanksgiving dinner better served than at our
home.

The old farm is the haven of contentment, love, and
rest,

And Mother is the angel there by whom that home is
blest.

THE TRAMP OF OLD ST. JOE

I've traveled 'round the world a heap,
And seen,—well, quite a bit;
But every place seems dead and cheap,
An' never 've I seen yit
A town where ev'ry fellow seems
To be content, ye know,—
The place of home an' childhood dreams,—
A place like old St. Joe.

No, I won't stay here all the year
'Cause I'm a rollin' stone,
An' must be stoppin' here an' there;
My time, you know, 's my own.
Yes, I must run my weary pace;
But everywhere I go
I tell the folks there ain't no place
To me like old St. Joe.

Yes, I'm "Weary Willie," boys.
I've seen hard times,—that's true.
I've tasted too of earthly joys,
An' so, no doubt, have you,

Just forty years ago to-day
My soul received a blow,—
Which makes me always love to stay
A while in old St. Joe.

If you would hear the story true
(Don't mind my sobs an' tears),
A story old, but always new,
Then let him learn who hears :
My mother fled to God above
Just forty years ago.
An' that is why, my friends, I love
My boyhood home, St. Joe.

She kissed her wayward, willful son ;
From home he did depart.
I was her child,—her only one ;
My errors broke her heart.
I found my dear old mother dead
Just forty years ago,
When from my crimes I homeward fled,
To hide in old St. Joe.

God knows I loved my mother, boys ;
But youth was led astray.
I heeded not her angel voice,—
Now sin has had its day.

Friends, thank you for your sympathy,
And now, before I go,
I beg you all to pray for me,—
The Tramp of Old St. Joe.

VICTORIA

The Queen of England is no more!

She died as rulers died before—

Death's victory,

Victoria!

A noble woman, planned divine,

O England's Queen, be glory thine!

Death's victory,

Victoria!

Thy reign inscribed on History's page

Shall teach a lesson to the sage,

Death's victory,

Victoria!

Vast nations are like men at best.

Whose deeds well done are ever blest.

Death's victory,

Victoria!

But nation, man,—all everywhere,

With humble pride must surely bear

Death's victory,

Victoria!

The world lays tribute at thy feet.
O Queen, thy fate we all must meet,—
 Death's victory,
 Victoria !

EPITAPH

She lived, she loved, she ruled, she died ;
With God on High she doth abide.
She beautified her life's long hour,
And conquered with fair Virtue's power.
 Death's victory,
 Victoria !

THE POLAR STAR

The Czarina of Russia visits her father, King Christian of Denmark, sailing in the good ship *Polar Star*. The fleet of peace approaches in mock warfare.

E'en like a Faerie Queen she came
From out her realms afar;
Her royal fleet swept o'er the main;
Her throne,—the *Polar Star*!

This peaceful fleet sailed o'er the sea,
Like spirits of the deep,
To render homage to their Queen,—
Her royal peace to keep.

'Mid virgin pomp she came to see,
On ship's majestic wing,
Her aged father whom she loved,—
Fair Denmark's Christian king.

The myriad mighty ships bore on
To Denmark's happy shore.
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! She sees her home,
Her native land, once more!

Her eyes are filled with tears of joy;
The royal music tears
Her soul with memories of youth—
She loves her native airs!

Far grander than Armada bold
Her fleets sail up the bay.
A peaceful conquest 'twas that the
Czarina made that day!

She captured not the city walls;
Hers was a peaceful move:
She took by storm her Father's heart
And seized his Kingship's love!

The Royal Gardens breathe salute;
The trees bend gently o'er;
The fountains murmur joyfully
Their welcome to our shore!

With love the fair Czarina came;
With love she won them all.
Hail!—Welcome!—was the festive word
That echoed through the hall

It was a day of triumph for
Great Russia's cherished Queen,
And for her Royal Father, too,
A happy day, I ween.

For he had lived to see the time
When of his children eight
Had won the crown of royalty
In Europe's vast estate.

King Christian's heart o'erflowed with pride,—
With honor, love, and peace;
One daughter was proud England's Queen,
His son was King of Greece.

Then long live Denmark's noble King,
Loved Christian, and each heir!
Long live the Queen of England, too,—
King Edward's Royal fair!

Long live the spreading family
Of Christian! is our prayer;
And may its influence extend
And prosper everywhere.

And God bless the Czarina dear,—
Fond helpmate of the Czar;—
And may the sunshine of her life
Extend its light afar!

MISSOURI TO KENTUCKY

Dedicated to former Governors Crittenden, Stone, and Francis, of Missouri, and Governor Beckham of Kentucky, at the time of the Kentucky Home-Coming celebration.

Ye Kentuckians know us ;
As brothers, now show us
That true hospitality dear to your hearts.
Missouri,—Kentucky !
How royally lucky
A man who was born in these glorious parts !

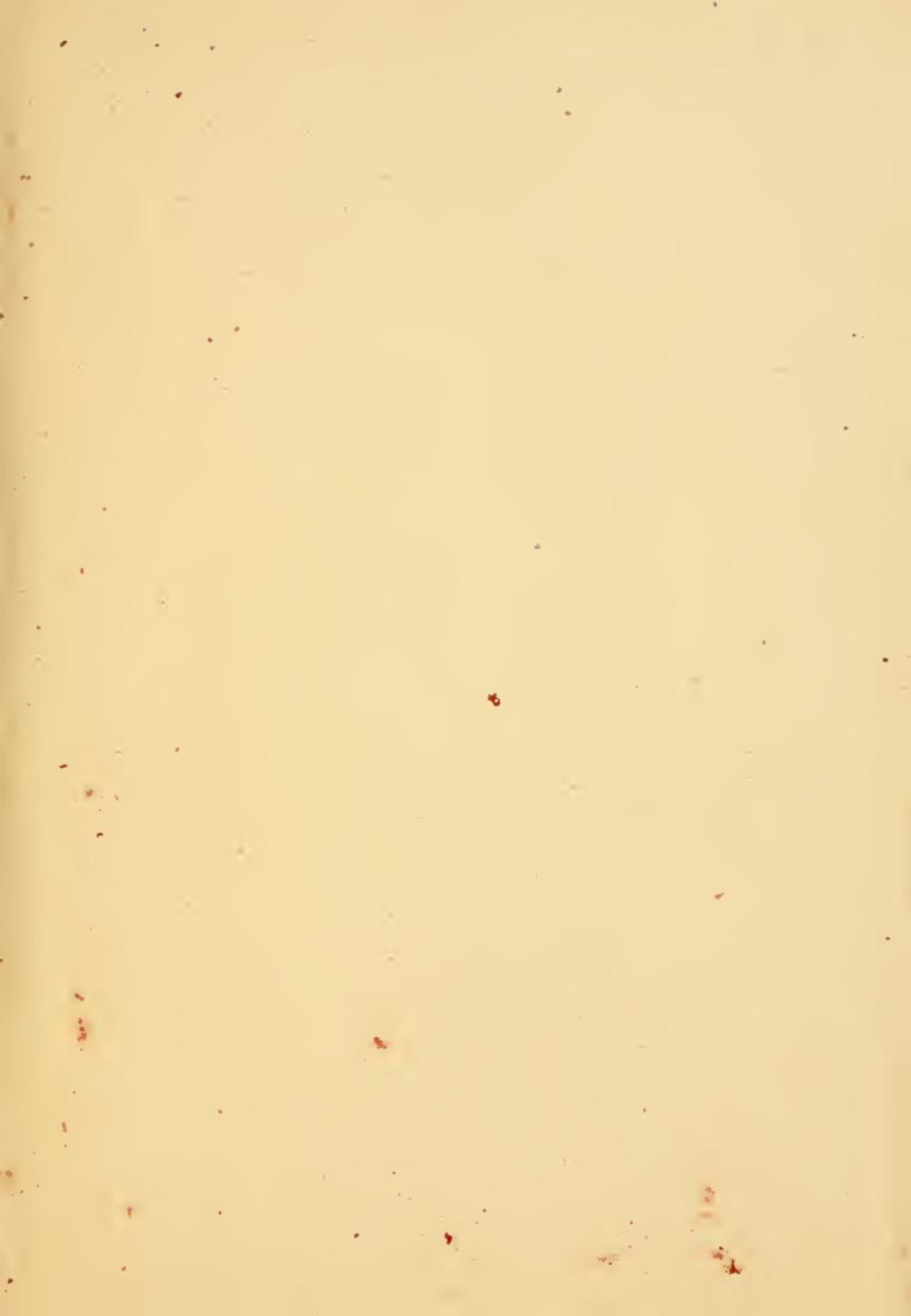
To hold home communion,
Each State in the Union
Is calling the sheep from the paths that they roam,
To drink to the health of,—
Rejoice in the wealth of
Kentucky the faithful are all coming Home.

The mild zeal of fury
Which throbs in Missouri,—
Transmitted to us from the State of our birth,—

Every sorrow effaces
And smiles in our faces
To prove we're Kentuckians,—lords of the Earth!

So here's to Kentucky,
Strong, sturdy, and plucky!—
Kentucky that gave to Missouri her best.
Hark!—hark to the singing!
Missouri is bringing
Her Kentucky Lochinvars out of the West!





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